

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

An Advocate of Universal Religion and a Co-worker with all Free Churches.

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Editorial

"Hate not each other because you differ in opinion—rather love each other; for it is impossible that in such a variety of sentiments there should not be some fixed point on which all men ought to unite."

—Zoroaster.

IN this issue we present an interesting attempt to solve the riddle of life and justice on lines that have perhaps suggested themselves to the minds of many of us at one moment or another. Mr. d'Arcourt's solution is a simple one; but, alas! too simple. What of matter, and whence does it come?

THE second number of a small twelve-page monthly, the *Direct Legislation Record*, has come to our exchange table. It is edited by Mr. J. W. Sullivan, the well-known advocate of the Initiative and Referendum, and is worthy of the attention of all—and we hope the number is large—who wish to understand these important reforms.

A CORRESPONDENT who is greatly concerned about the proposed change in the constitution of the National Conference of Unitarians expresses the views of a great many in the following terse statement:

The name "Christian" is an impediment in the way of our reaching the Jews and Mohammedans and others. We ought to be anxious to reach all that are reachable—*Jesus was*. And it is vastly more important to have the spirit of Jesus than to wear the name Christian.

PROFESSOR OTTO PFLEIDERER, of Berlin, who this year held the Gifford lectureship at Edinburgh, has stirred up so much consternation by his statement in the course of the lectures, that there is nothing but natural religion—no supernatural—that the forthcoming publication of his lectures (by William Blackwood and Sons) is awaited with much eagerness.

THE *Freethinkers' Magazine*, which professes to have no religion, but of which we believe better things, has moved from Buffalo to Chicago. While much that appears in it has often seemed to us crude and ill-considered, we are glad to have it as a neighbor because we believe it is doing a good work in leading the "freethinkers" of our land away from their old superstition, that negations and the ridicule and abuse of the accidents of religion, and even of religion itself, constitute liberalism. *The Freethinkers' Magazine* stands for something higher than this; more and more it turns toward constructive thought.

FROM a circular of the Indian Right Association we quote the following pertinent remarks:

The argument of Mr. Dennis T. Flynn, of Oklahoma, that the commission should be abolished because "there is scarcely a matter ever broached in Congress or in the department with reference to the Indian service that these people (the commissioners) are not around nosing in," is likely to convince honest people who are opposed to frauds and jobs, and who wish the Indian service so conducted that the Indian will quickest be civilized, and the problem of his care most speedily solved, that the Board of Indian Commissioners had better be continued, and that the trifle of expense used to support this gratuitous work had better be incurred rather than the millions which leak from the public treasury when the "nosing" of honest investigators gives way to robbery and peculation.

Mr. Holman has proposed to abolish the Board of Indian Commissioners because, as he has alleged, under the present changed conditions that board is no longer necessary. Why, then, has he introduced a bill (No. 3326, present session) for creating a commission of six to investigate and report from time to time, designed for a similar purpose, for which he asks an appropriation of \$20,000? If a Board of Indian Commissioners is already doing this work gratuitously, at an expense of \$5,000 to the Government, wherein lies the necessity and the economy for the selection of a commission which will cost the Government precisely four times that amount, and cannot reasonably be expected to furnish in return a more valuable service?

The Strike.

The Pullman strike has become a very far-reaching movement. Of the wisdom and justice of the original strike we do not feel competent to judge. We do not know all the facts. On the one hand, the representatives of the company tell us that while it

has made a very considerable cut in the wages, it had for some time been running at a loss, because of the general depression, and the only alternative it had was to discharge the greater number of the hands or to reduce the wages, and it regarded the latter as the more humane course. On the other hand, the representatives of the strikers tell us that the Pullman company owns the houses of their employés and controls all their means of living; that it has thus managed to get back in one form or another the greater part of what it pays out, and that it has so managed that the employés have not been able to keep clear of debt on the old basis, the only recognition the company gives to the hardness of the times, is greatly to reduce wages, while refusing to reduce rents one cent; and, further, that the company refuses to submit the matter to arbitration at the men's request.

How much of all this is entirely trustworthy we do not know. The company may or may not have oppressed the men in the past. The indebtedness of the men may be merely the result of their own improvidence. All that we know is that the administration of Pullman has been a very "paternal" one. On the other hand, the company may or may not have been running at a loss; and a reduction of the wages of the lower and more poorly paid employés may or may not be the only way for it to adjust its business to existing conditions. What is certain is that the wages have been reduced, the rents have not been reduced, and the company has refused the men's request for arbitration.

On this state of affairs the men thought themselves justified in striking, and we may not judge for them. The important thing for us outsiders is the sympathetic strikes by which the Pullman employés have been supported. Under the competitive industrial system which prevails today, combination is the only resource the laborer has against the capitalist. The latter, few in number and rich in resources, are far more than a match for the former, and could, and under the iron law of competition *would*—would be obliged—to grind the laborers down to the barest living, were it not for the power of combination. The employers frequently combine to reduce wages, the employés combine to resist the reduction or to raise wages. Trades unions and federations of labor are a necessity to the laborer under the competitive regime. The combination of those employed by a given man or com-

pany is not as a rule sufficient to accomplish anything; hence the boycott and the sympathetic strike whereby employés of other men refuse to work for those who do business with the refractory employer. This is rough on outsiders, whose business is thus hampered and delayed, but it is in accordance with the principle of freedom of contract and combination; it is as fair as is the combination black-listing by employers, and it is often the only effective weapon against powerful corporations—in short, its final justification is its necessity, and if employés of other companies and other men are willing to sacrifice their own time and money because of sympathy with, or interest in the success of striking wage-workers, we can but stand aside and let the result be what the exigencies of business make it.

Whether our sympathies be for or against the strikers, we are bound to stand aside and let them and their employers fight it out so long as their conduct is lawful and peaceable. But however great our sympathy with them, we should not permit the least unlawful interference with business by them or their sympathizers. Indeed, the greater our sympathy with those whom we may regard as victims of injustice, the more determined we should be not to permit them to be guilty of violence and injustice. For several days, in various parts of the country, the striking and unemployed railroad and other laborers have been directly interfering with commerce.

On Thursday and Friday of last week this amounted to riot and mob law in several parts of Chicago and other railroad towns. The public administration in this city was weak and shillying. Cars were wrecked, property was burned, missiles were hurled at train-operatives and their guardians, and the attempt to move trains was prevented. This was disgraceful,—not alone to the ignorant and passionate laboring men and the accompanying hoodlums, who have been encouraged to take one step after another by the inactivity of the powers that be, but chiefly to the public authorities whose duty it is to preserve law and order. A sufficient show of force should have been made so promptly as to prevent the necessity of a resort to violence and blood-shed; mobs should not have been allowed to collect, but, having collected and proceeded to violence, they should have been dispersed and subjugated even though it were necessary to use club, steel and bullet and take a number of lives. Awful as is the taking of human life, it is far better that the lives of a few obstinate law breakers should be sacrificed, than that the nation should be given over to mob rule and anarchy.

If we feel that their cause is just, let us give the strikers all the sympathy we can and assist them in every peaceable and lawful act, but let us meet every breach of the peace, every lawless act, with the severity it merits, and put down insurrection with the strong arm of the law. So shall we preserve the honor of the state, the well-being of society, and the best interests of the strikers themselves.

F. W. S.

The Open Defiance of Law.

The tremendous strain under which American institutions are laboring today, becomes more and more evident as the weeks go by. Thoughtful people are more than anxious—they are alarmed, at the signs of the times. When in various places, in different sections of the country, mobs openly and defiantly prevent peaceful laborers from earning bread for their families; when as in the city of Chicago striking painters enter private houses where non-union men are laboring, and beat and intimidate them; and when there is apparently no protection for these working men; then it seems as though American institutions are not in danger of being destroyed, but are already destroyed. The open defiance of law can hardly go further than this. It behooves us to ask the causes which have led up to this state of affairs, first, and afterward to apply the remedy, if we are to maintain our standing as a civilized nation. The contempt for law has been growing upon us as a people for many years. One cause of the evil has no doubt been the open violation of all laws relating to the liquor traffic, all over the land, and the utter indifference of the people to such violation. To allow all laws relating to a certain subject to be violated with impunity, can in the nature of things have no other issue than a growing contempt for, and disregard of all laws. In almost every city of our land there are regulations saying that saloons shall be closed on Sunday, and at midnight, but in scarcely a single large city in the land have the saloon-keepers ever paid the slightest attention to this law, and in scarcely one have the constituted authorities made any genuine effort to enforce it. Mayors and chiefs of police and prosecuting attorneys have simply refused to try to enforce this regulation, and the people have made no sort of protest. The selling of liquor to minors and to drunkards has gone on just the same as before laws were made prohibiting it; and every other law looking to any restriction of the traffic has been almost as openly defied. This object lesson has been duly learned. All over the land the people have been taught that there is one institution sacred from interference by executive authority—and that the vilest and most demoralizing of all the world contains. Now, they say, if those laws can be violated with impunity, why not others that interfere with our ease or pleasure or profit? They are absolutely logical and are only taking the nation at its word. The rights of private property have heretofore been the best protected of any of our interests in this country. You could generally depend upon public officials to arrest a man who openly stole a horse, and that was about all. But now even property rights are beginning to be ignored, and the confiscation of private property is one of the schemes allowed to be openly advocated by cranks of various hues and shades. When will the conservatism of the country—now sufficiently menaced, it would seem—rise up and show its

strength? When shall we begin that crusade for law and order so sadly needed today throughout the land?

H. T. G.

Twilight.

IN Milwaukee an aged mother of our faith died recently, Mrs. O. M. Norris. She was a sister of Boston's famous teacher of girls, George B. Emerson, and a cousin of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and a friend of whatsoever things are true, are pure, are lovely. The sources of the beauty of old age lie seldom in endeavors which begin with gray-haired days; they lie in far-off, forgotten years of active life. When old age moves us as a sunset moves us, slow, serene, clear-shining, we know of sacrifices long ago and self-disciplines passed into unconsciousness, but not less *there* within, and now revealed in the happy calm, the accepting trust, the leisure of the heart, the childlike delight in little kindnesses. "Second childhood?" Yes,—as sunset often repeats sunrise effects. This was the old age which the friends watched, who were privileged to enter the quiet Milwaukee chamber. For long years she had lived there in the hush, close beside the city world, and yet not in or of it,—screened in a daughter's perfect love from all that could disturb, but fresh in mind and fresh in heart for what the busy people did. In these latter years, when she could contribute nothing longer by her deed, to the very end she contributed by what she *was*, that is, by what she had become by past doing,—that rich usefulness which remains for the good who think themselves past use. And now that long, still twilight is to be a pleasant memory.

I.

The sunset glow is ebbing,
But lingers the rose in the sky.
And the stars are wide and lonely
Till the slow day passes by.

The evening dusks the valleys,
But the hill-tops yet are lit;
The shadow broadens upward,
And the quiet climbs with it.

All that the day diserves
Now in the twilight dun
Nestles again together,
And the near and far are one.

II.

Long in her cloistered chamber
Brooded the evening peace,
As the dear life faded slowly,
Too happy to wish release.

So in the hush she waited
'Mid the beautiful after-glow,
The hills of her memory gleaming,
The shadows climbing below.

The holy twilight falling
Was not of the star and sun;
'Twas the earth and heaven light mingling,—
And the near and far were one.

W. C. G.

THE Proceedings of the First American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies are to be had in pamphlet form only, at 25 cents per copy. The book consists of 116 large size pages, with paper cover, and is sent post paid on receipt of price. Discount allowed on orders in quantity. BLOCH & NEWMAN, Publishers, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Contributed and Selected

The Union for Practical Progress.

BY MRS. ELLA REEVE WARE.

The national organization which bears this name is really making "practical progress" in helping along the reform forces of our country. While the idea of a union of non-sectarian, non-partisan forces is by no means a new one, it is growing steadily; and seeing this growth Mr. Flower wrote an article last June in the *Arena* outlining the need of a Union of the lovers of humanity, and suggesting practical plans for work. This article was the rallying cry, and soon all over the country unions sprung into life.

A national executive committee, with headquarters in Boston, outlined methods of work to be carried out by the local union. In the early spring all efforts were directed against that gigantic evil called the "sweating system." Letters were written to ministers of all denominations, asking for their co-operation by preaching sermons against the evil on a certain Sunday. A bibliography of the subject was furnished, and the ministers urged to visit some of the sweat shops to learn the terrible realities of this system.

The Knights of Labor co-operated with the Union, in many cases, furnishing lists of the sweat shops. In Pennsylvania the agitation made by the earnest efforts of the Philadelphia Union, through the pulpit and the press, caused the Department of Internal Affairs to send state commissioners to investigate the evil. Their report will be printed this summer, proposing immediate legislation against the evil.

The workers in these shops are most of them so ignorant as not to know how to protest against their pitifully low wages, and the members of the Union are urging them to organize as Local Assemblies of Knights of Labor. Working as they do sometimes night and day, they become deadened to all hopefulness, and go on grinding out their lives for a sum which insures them but a mere existence, hardly a "living wage."

In Philadelphia, as the ministers of fashionable churches were guided through low basement or attic rooms, so crowded with the workers as to make the air terribly impure, with ceilings so low that they must stoop to enter the door, they expressed the most unqualified surprise and sorrow that human beings in their own city were existing under such conditions, and they went home to their people with hearts full of earnestness to protest against the tolerance of such a system under the laws of the state.

In Baltimore Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, a member of the national executive committee of the Union, draughted a bill against the sweating system, and with the help of the Baltimore union the bill has now become a law. The Baltimore union was also instrumental in securing a law against the evil of child labor.

The agitation against the sweating system was only one phase of the work of the Union during the spring; one month was set apart for work against the "Saloon Evil" and another devoted to the question of Tenement House Reform.

The press of Philadelphia and other cities helped materially in calling attention to the work of the Union, and all over the country magazines and periodicals are giving columns to the work. The *Arena* furnishes monthly reports, helpful articles on the subjects for the month, and a bibliography of the questions being agitated. The *Voice*, of New York, *Public Opinion*, of Washington, and *Today and Woman's Progress*, of Philadelphia,

are giving regular reports and articles on the Union work.

The need of educational help for the work is pressing. The national executive committee is recognizing this need by sending out lecturers and literature as fast as funds will allow. These lecturers, many of them, are devoting their lives to this work, studying each question as it comes up and presenting it in all its phases to meetings of all kinds wherever they can get a hearing. One of the lecturers, a consecrated young woman, has addressed labor organizations, church meetings and club meetings, and visited the homes of rich women on invitation to give information about the work, and in this way sowed seed which has already brought forth rich harvest.

Christians are realizing that the world needs consecrated lives and deeds, not dead forms and creeds; and as the work of the Union goes on, denominational lines will be entirely ignored, so eager will the workers be for the *good* to triumph.

The subject upon which the efforts of the Union will be directed this month will be the evil of child labor; for July, "Public Parks and Play Grounds for the Poor;" August, "Prison Reform;" September, "Municipal Reform;" October, "The Problem of the Unemployed;" November, "The Ballot Box," —all living questions of today.

The Union for Practical Progress is but the shadow, or rather the light, which coming events are casting before them,—the event of a practical working religion, when men will be so earnestly absorbed in saving the souls and bodies of men and women from the hells of earth, that they will forget even to dream of a *future* hell.

Just one year ago, the bugle call was sent out by Mr. Flower. Today there are Unions for Practical Progress in Boston, East Milton and Newburyport, Mass.; Salina, Kansas; Lexington, Ky.; two in San Francisco; one in Pomona, Santa Ana, Los Gatos, Berkeley and Alameda, California; one in Monte Vista, and two in Denver, Colorado; three active unions in Washington, D. C. Baltimore has three unions and Linkwood, Maryland, has one. Farmington and Springport, Michigan, have one each. Jacksonville, Florida, has two societies; and Green Cove Spring, three. New York City has a good working union; also Ashtabula, Cincinnati and Lima, Ohio; Culpepper, Virginia; Nashville, Tenn.; Columbia and Florence, S. C.; Germantown and Somerton, Pa., and two in Philadelphia. Thus the seed has been scattered to the north, south, east and west. The religion prophesied by Louis Ehrich in his "A Religion for all Time," will grow out of this seed-sowing.

"The religion which will yet prevail among men will demand that man shall love his neighbor more than himself, and the single tenet of the all-embracing world-sufficing religion will be, 'Thou Shalt love thy neighbor with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind,' and 'neighbor' will mean not only the nigh dweller, but 'everything that breathes and blossoms in the universe. If you consecrate yourself to the love and service of your neighbor, your whole life becomes a song to the Eternal. You love Him in the only way He can be loved, by loving His children and His creatures. Love to man includes 'love to God, just as the *brotherhood* of man establishes 'God's Fatherhood.'"

An Essay on the Justice of God and Equality of Souls, Preceded by a Preamble.

BY THEOPHILE L' ARCOUNT.

This nineteenth century finds man engaged in the ever-receding solution of the problems which have occupied his race from its very birth until now. He is as far from it (the solution) as he then was at the beginning. The Eternal is unknowable, and his ways inconceivable.

This conviction, however, has not deterred great intellect and small from searching for Him. Nations and individuals have built theories of the government of God, and each sect in turn has plunged in the turmoil of war, and has shed torrents of blood to uphold what it had convinced itself to be the only way—the true way.

Not being an exception to the general rule, very early the mysteries of nature attracted me—from that to abstract subjects there was only one step. The little blade of grass living alone in the beaten road, and shedding a crystal tear in the midst of its sterile surroundings, was ever a puzzle to me. I could readily see for myself the fact of its roots shooting downward, the green blade upward, but its very life—that was a mystery.

The myriads of insects whose lives are hidden by the mossy green—those that dwell under the stones in damp places, and yet move with perfect ease under their stony roof—they are afraid of only one thing. The light we love frightens them, and they dart away into their deepest recesses. Whence springs the life that animates these?

De Tremblay studied the life that teems in stagnant pools of water. He cut the zoothite horizontally, longitudinally, turned them inside out like a glove; they lived still and reproduced themselves, the divided animals growing again in the section which was severed—whence comes their life?

The awful agony which overwhelms us at the thought of dissolution is hard indeed to bear. Hope, ambition, joy, all pass away; nothing is left to us; we come alone, we depart alone. What would we not give for the presence of a loved one?

Does one wish to contemplate the ethereal abyss above us, one has to lie on mother Earth and peer into the deep blue in depths unknown, and all theories become unendurable in the splendor of sublime space.

The God of the Jews, all through their Bible, is always working for them. In their behalf He made the orb of day stand still, in order that Joshua might slaughter the foes he was robbing; for them he made the Red Sea dry that they might pass, and then engulfed the Egyptians. He promised them the land of Canaan, thereby despoiling the owners of their land. He was essentially a Jewish God; He was cruel, vindictive, revengeful in turn. He was all in all for the Jews, and worked for their sake the destruction of everyone opposed to them.

The Jews created their God, and they in turn were created by Him. The Greeks, in creating their gods, did not do much better. Their mythology would be utterly ridiculous if it were less poetical, less imaginative. The Romans had no room except for their heroes. Their victorious generals became emperors—became divinities—and sacrifices were offered them.

And so on of all others. I repeat, all these theories are unendurable in the splendor of a bright day. It is blasphemy to connect the eternal life with such narrow views.

Returning to Christianity, whose sole redeeming principle is Love, one is startled at once by the seeming injustice of the Almighty. If He was just, and He created man in his image, why such diversity in the attributes he gives each one of his creatures. How can one reconcile the idea of a just God, of a benevolent and loving Father, with the misery each one is struggling against every day. The answer has been, We know not God's ways, and it behooves us to submit willingly. Everything is done to chasten and purify us, so that we may be fit to enter the life to come.

Man stands abashed in the contemplation

of the glory of the Universe. Mighty space lies unrevealed in its profundity; systems after systems revolve in its depth; glorious orbs and clusters of stars radiate their beams of light to the confines of Eternity. From his throne God, the unapproachable, speaks, and the Universe moves in obedience to his command. Life, the soul of God, thrills through space into suns and stars and worlds, and animates alike the Leviathan and the puny insect. The oceans are stirred in their depths, and monsters course through the waters. He peoples the air with winged creatures, and giant trees rear their mighty trunks to the clouds. He sways the clouds in ever changing pictures against the blue firmament. His thunders sing harmonies in mighty tunes, and they reverberate everywhere. God prevails everywhere, in the heaven above, in the heaven below. He is one. He is God! God has created man in his image and has endowed him with more than finite intelligence. Man's intellect has searched the heavens above and counted the very stars. He has spanned space and measured it. He has followed the light in its flight through the ethereal fluid, distancing its velocity at one bound by the power of his mind. The secrets of the mighty deep stand revealed to him, and he has stolen nature's mysterious forces, and uses them. God has breathed into man his own life, his own soul, and man lives a mystery unto himself.

But if man soars into the abyss of space and follows the countless myriads of stars in their God-appointed way, by the power of his mind, he is also brought low, so low, as to be helpless, hopeless—a prey to his evil thoughts, a prey to misery, a prey to sufferings.

The cries of despair which are heard everywhere, the hideous deformities of both mind and body under which so many unfortunates drag their weary lives, the imbecile, the insane, the criminal, the sick, the maimed alike cry in their despair, in their misery. It is truly appalling that such things should be, and blasphemous maledictions resound to heaven itself. The elements themselves struggle in unison to overwhelm man and destroy him; war, famine and pestilence do the rest. It is a fearful combat, and death comes, the last and only Lethal act. As the drama closes, we may say, It is finished!

Man, it is claimed, possesses two natures, one spiritual, proceeding directly from God and therefore indestructible; the other temporal, and subject to all the changes and mutation of matter. Can the learning we acquire here, on this earth, be of any use to us when the body has returned to the elements from which it was made? How can scientific matters and physical laws benefit an imponderous spirit, since that spirit is altogether independent of the laws that govern matter? It follows that the learning we acquire can only serve us in our present state, and will be unavailable to us in a state not in relation with our present existence. In a word, our knowledge is of this world and perishes with the means that have acquired it. A man cannot progress in the known; it does not exist for him; he can have no conception of it. The genius, therefore, and the idiot stand on a plane when eternity is in question.

I maintain that the spirit, or mind, in all men comes from the same creative power, and must of necessity possess equal power, equal brightness. The justice of God and his impartiality would otherwise become a question, and it could only be solved in the negative. If the soul which God breathes into man possessed different attributes in different individuals, man would be absolved

and irresponsible. He would be a machine, directed and acting simply as he was prompted.

How much easier it is to reconcile the justice of God and his love to us if we ascribe to matter all the diversity and inequality which exist in mankind, one will readily see.

To make my meaning clear, let us take a bright light, symbolical of our soul; let us also take a glass symbolical of our body, and apply the glass to the light. It being bright the light will shine through in all its splendor. A Newton is born.

Let us take a semi-opaque glass and apply it as before on the light, and though the light burns brightly within, only a part of it will pass through. A mediocre man is born.

Now let us take an opaque glass and place it on the light as before. The light is still the same and burns just as brightly as before, but it is intercepted almost entirely and little of it can be seen outside. An idiot is born.

Multiply *ad infinitum* these experiments and we account for all the diversity we find in this world of man. We find the geniuses such as Archimedes, Newton, Descartes, clothed with bright bodies, their souls shining through, and reflecting all the light that burns within. In the third instance the body, being an opaque one, reflects no light. The soul lives within but cannot be manifested without. A man brute is the result. A prey to the demoralizing mutation of changing matter.

Let me at this stage state an example in support of my theory. These examples are, alas, too frequent.

Let us take a disciple or worshiper of Bacchus, and let us suppose that man a genial and educated one. In his sober moments he will converse on all matters, political and scientific, in a brilliant manner; he will be witty and singularly interesting, but let him swallow his debauching liquid and his wit and brilliancy will turn into maudlin nonsense, into absurdity. You can study at your ease the debasing liquid, darkening one by one the beams of light that sparkled through, and who will gainsay that the light of his soul is not still shining brilliantly within? but without he has become a driveling idiot, an imbecile.

Take an insane man. His life is dark, and dreary fancies crowd his mind, phantoms dwell around him; he is a wreck. Yet a bright day may come when the clouds that weighed on his soul are rolled away, reason returns triumphantly. If the light within had become extinguished and destroyed, could it have returned? No, he would have remained in the horror of darkness forever. Ah, yes, the light was burning silently within, though it was very dark without.

With a feverish patient you can almost always follow the gradual process of darkening of the soul. Through the cessation, or partial cessation, of one or several organs and functions of the body, the windows of the intellect are closed one by one, and delirium ensues. Nothing remains of the light within; yet it is there, and it burns brightly.

Take another instance, the savage who is transplanted from his western wilds will quickly put on the garb of civilization while in the midst of it, and will drop it as quickly when he returns to his forest home.

To ascribe all the vicissitudes of man and their horrors to God, and to endow them with immortality, a never-ceasing punishment, seems like libeling the Almighty. The harmony of nature, in the thousands of its ramifications, the infinite beauty and grandeur of the heavenly systems, forbid such a conclusion, and it seems far more Father-like, far more God-like, that, for some purpose of his own, all the misery of man should be as-

cribed to the mutations of matter, which would only act during our present life.

We are conscious of what constitutes life only by the law of contrast. Pain contrasts with joy; heat with cold; beauty with ugliness; virtue with vice; kindness with cruelty, and abnegation with selfishness. Yet there is a time when these meet and change state—extremes meet and coalesce.

Are not, therefore, the mutations of matter a necessary condition of conscious life, without which chaos would reign supreme? In this sense, is not the seeming partiality and injustice of God the very means He takes to accomplish His purpose, and in some way hide from us for a time the glory of the unknown? Is it not more natural to believe that when we are relieved from the corporeal mass which confines us to the realms of helplessness, we are ushered at once into the light of God, whence we came, and of which we are a part?

Why extend this world of woe to the eternity to come? Why cloud the Fatherhood of God with a never ending blot? Why eternize matter and its dreadful consequences, and transplant them into the radiant presence of God?

Can the mind travel through space and journey among its glorious inhabitants even now, independent of its earthly envelope, and shall its immortal essence feel its effects when it is destroyed.

No, a thousand times no. The light within us, given to us by the Eternal, will return to its Maker undiminished in its brightness, and commingle forevermore with the insufferable glory that knoweth neither beginning nor ending.

The Pleasant Fields.

BY HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

All lush and fragrant is the clover now,
Its wind-tossed blossoms scenting every breeze,
And 'mid its rosy freshness reveling
The ranks of the innumerable bees.
The barley fields move like the distant sea,
Rippling in sunshine, and anon in shade,
Each stalk a feathery crest of richest green,
By every breath of wind serenely swayed.
The delicate oat fields dance in the light wind
To the sweet piping of the wandering thrush,
High in the scattered trees the orioles swing,
Storming with rapture morning's sacred hush.
The stately wheat in bearded strength is set,
Far as the eye can reach it bends and sways,
Through it the scarlet poppy flames and lights
Its darkness as with glowing sunset rays.
The opulent corn stands in its seried ranks,
Drinking the sunshine with a deep delight,
In its cool depths the robber blackbird hides,
Hoarding his sweetest song till coming night.
Oh, summer rapture of the pleasant fields,
Oh, breath of clover on the air of morn,
Oh, bugle calls of birds in the cleft air,
What deeps ye stir, what thoughts of ye are born!

A merchant of Baltimore has opened at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars, a home for workingmen, called The Workingmen's Residential Club. He is to furnish at a small cost the advantages of home, restaurant and boarding house. The rooms are bright and pleasant and the social feature is made especially attractive, hoping to win men from the saloons and low lodging houses.

—*Union Signal.*

NOT A NEW SECT.—Mudge—Went to church yesterday, just for a change.

Yabsley—So? What denomination?

Mudge—The minister, as near as I could figure him out, was a platonian.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Church-Door Pulpit

Patriotism.

A DECORATION DAY DISCOURSE BY EMIL G. HIRSCH.

A stranger come from a distant land to ours, might in these days observe a phenomenon which those that ever walked out on a clear, summer day into the open field, may have chanced to notice. The air has a peculiar tremor of expectancy; strange sounds, defined one moment, but the next again illusive, fill the skies; it is hard to say whether nature sings in a minor key, or intones her anthem in triumphant ringing shout. Many a painter has attempted to cast on canvas the peculiar color of such a summer day's afternoon, but few have succeeded. Many a poet, who runs his lines in song, has endeavored to express what the sky whispers in such an hour, but perhaps only one has been able to reproduce the chant that filled field and forest. Wagner's *Waldweben*, the weaving of the forest, comes nearest to those weird mazes of strangely interlaced sounds floating in the air on a quiet summer eve when the sun is about to color with crimson the western hills. So it is today, the air trembling in this land with strange sounds; a curious expectancy is floating along underneath the sky; echoes answer sighs, perhaps; but at once these are followed by triumphant shouts of victory; the war drum beats, and yet it is the palm of peace that waves the greeting as the tap forces the instrument so often used to call the warriors to the battle to speak to the veterans. Camp-fires seem to color the sky, and yet at closer range what seemed a moment ago a weird flame, giving the shadowy outlines of the sentry that marches to and fro watching over the sleeping comrades and looking intently into the darkness to see whether the enemy is approaching from beyond, is again the sun's light pointing a higher station in the sky, tokening not of hostility, but of peace and good will and fellowship among men.

A stranger from another land might not understand this curious, interwoven web of sound and sign. Perhaps he has been trained under the notion that in this western continent lives a nation of slaves, slaves to mammon, slaves to selfishness, slaves to material interests. For such is the common report about us across the ocean. There it is held as well nigh axiomatic that idealism and ideal thoughts have neither hold nor home where the evening sun lights up the sky; that here live a people held together merely by the bonds of material speculation and material greed; that gold is the magnet, not sentiment; that with us no heart beats in response to the higher calls from above, that naught with us is regarded save the iron hands lifted to strike whenever thwarted in the endeavor to grasp the treasures of earth and ever clutched to amass fortunes by selfish use and egotistical self-aggrandizement. One so trained, coming to our shores in these last weeks of the month of May, might exclaim with astonishment: "What is this that from the gulf to the lakes, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, stirs the hearts of this people so mightily during these days; what token these flowers; why these symbols, why the flag, why the drum beats, why the bugle sound?" If he could read the language of national love, he could not but conclude that this is not a nation lost in materialism; this is not a people swamped in the mire of mere selfishness. Tell it across the ocean, let those who saw not the uprising of the nation hear: there is a glow in our nation's soul, a spark, which needs but to be fanned

to blaze forth into the beauteous light of the highest idealism. Other nations commemorate, too, the great days when their sons went forth to battle and victory. But every national memory implies defeat of a national enemy; every day celebrated in Germany, is gall across the border line where fellow-human creatures dwell who follow the tricolor and dream of the day when their defeat shall be avenged in blood, making the Rhine run red with the life grape juice of Germany's manhood. Let Russia sing the story of her armies' achievements, and the Turk will feel the challenge and perhaps suspect insult. We commemorate, and there is none to feel resentment; we celebrate, and there is none to lift his hand in loud oath to Heaven pledging his solemn manhood, that if the hour shall strike for the shame to be wiped off the national escutcheon, he will be found in the front rank of avengers. This is a curious anomaly; history chronicles nothing like it; the recorded experience of the nations has no other example of it. Our memory of war is prelude to peace; our camp song is ceremony of good will; our flags tattered and torn in battle are but the admonition for us to remember that we all have one country, that there is and forever shall be but one, undivided people that claims the protection of the stars and stripes.

You remember that the beginning of religion was tribute paid to the dead. When first man began to feel his impotency in the whirl and whir of Nature's grasping operations, he turned to those that were no more for aid and for help; he visited their resting place, he there placed within their reach gifts which he thought might prosper them and profit himself. We have reverted to this earliest form of religion; we bedeck the resting places of our ancestors and heroes with the chaste children of mother flora. Not, however, do we expect protection from those that have gone before—protection in the sense in which the ancient benighted fathers of our race hoped that their tribute at the graves might be recompensed; still there is something in the thought of ancient ancestral worship that is true today even, for is it not so that those who remember their parents indeed find protection, that the many who recall heroes that died that a nation might live are started on the high road to national safety, national honor and national prosperity? He is no man who forgets the home where he beheld the light of day; he is no man who would not honor name and duty left to him by parent now dead. The brute doth not remember who was his progenitor; the beast may see mother die and know it not, and no dewdrops will glisten in his eyes. He then is brute who doth not remember where sleep father or mother, and what is stored away in the grave which shrines the mortal dust of divine, immortal, parental love.

And so a nation that would not remember is not true to its own destiny. This is the compensation of the great war, that it first awakened national consciousness. The days before '61 and '65 may rightly be styled the period of our national infancy. The child does not know itself; the youth has no proper appreciation of his vocation in life. So nations have their periods of childhood and adolescence; these are full of promise and decisive in the forming of national character, but the nation finds itself only when it passes through the dark nights of trial to the dawn, the morning of glorious triumph. The War of the Rebellion has cost millions of treasure, and hundreds of thousands of noble lives. Yet this tremendous sacrifice was not in vain. The old theological concept speaks true when it tells us that

we are saved by the sacrifice of others in our behalf. Yea, this war awakened the American people to the consciousness of its national possibilities and its national destinies, and only since those days have we come into possession of a national memory. As the child only at a certain period of its growth acquires memory and knows how to use it, so nations come, only after a certain time of growth, to the knowledge of the retrospective faculty. This then is not the smallest of the compensations for the great deluge of blood that drenched the fields of the nation's war-ploughed land, that from this bloody seed fruited forth the rose of national consciousness and the lilac of national memory. And so we remember today, with a sentiment that cannot be clothed into words, those days of trial, when midst tears was planted the seed of triumph; those days when men went forth because the country called, when mothers gave willingly their sons that the union might live; when wives willingly assumed new duties of temporary and perhaps permanent widowhood, in order that the country might have as protector, him who promised at the altar to love, protect and provide for her. We remember the days when maidens shamed cowards, and steeled the hearts of the courageous to hurry thither where leaped the flame eager to devour, for through this fiery furnace the country's army had to pass in order that the flag might float undisputed over a united and free people. More was at stake in those days, and even then the nation knew it not, than slavery in the south; the issue around which the furies of war raged meant the freedom of every one that lives within this nation's territory. That this was the real issue, we who look back can easily detect. As Moses was told by God in the Biblical legend: "No one can see my face, but as I pass by I shall reveal myself;" so, looking forward into time we cannot get a clear knowledge of those things that tremble in the balance. Thirty years after, however, standing on the higher level, we may trace out the line of upward growth, which, while we were still below in the dark valley, eluded our vision. Yea, then was fought the battle for liberty. Imagine, for once, that state rights had triumphed, what would have been the result? America would have become a second Europe. What is the curse of Europe? Militarism; every second day you come to a barrier with the threatening warning: "Here one people ends and a new people begins; halt, here stands guard enemy, not friend." And in consequence of this division into small, little national territories, Europe is drilling for war and neglecting the fruitage and blessings of industrial peace. Such would also have been the harvest here: for, mark you, not merely two mighty nations would have stood face to face to each other; secession, once granted in principle, would have run to seed in practice; North Carolina would not have brooked the galling yoke of the other Confederate states; the west might have separated from the east, and the northwest again might have parted company with her neighbors; we should have had, not a united country with forty-four stars swinging around the central sun of national sovereignties, but four or five petty nations looking askance at each other, and guarding their frontiers with bayonet and gun and bullet; and this is the verdict of all time, where the bullet is chief reliance the ballot will soon become weak and impotent.

The men who defended the flag then against the zealous but mistaken, honest but deceived defenders of little sovereignties, conferred a blessing larger than they knew

upon this our present generation. Democracy, liberty, is only possible where, on the one hand, centralization is limited, and, on the other, selfishness is curbed. This recognition the United States' constitution has incorporated into well regulated devices granting local autonomy, but at the same time guaranteeing national strength. All history, before America began, gravitated to and fro between two unreconciled extremes: centralization, and local petty independence and autonomy. Take the republics, for instance, of Greece! Little statehoods, cities independent of each other were they, and Greek history events in the swamp of foreign despotism, simply because the principle of local independence was carried to the fatal extreme. Or take Rome! Why does Roman liberty end in Cæsarism? Because Rome swung to the other pole, national centralization without local freedom. The so-called republics of the middle ages again were little states, and national state selfishness found an echo in the selfishness of certain ruling classes. For not long can be maintained in little states sovereignties boasting of independence, the consciousness that every one is brother to every other within the confines of the city. Of necessity, in the republics of the middle ages we have an oligarchy, a certain class that rules. It is in consequence of the too strongly emphasized idea of local independence that liberty passes over into despotism of class and caste. This would also have been our fate in America. Granted the principles of those that fought on the other side of the line, we should today have had small states, and these the victims of destructive class intrigue. If on the other hand we had adopted the principles of the French Republic we should have wound up with a dictatorship, the man on horseback would today be in the saddle, and liberty would have disappeared in gloom and disaster in this country. France is not a republic for this very reason: that though by constitutional, official phraseology it proclaims to the world that it is republican, its whole machinery is monarchical because centralized, and despotic. We escaped both the Scylla of extreme pride of local liberty, and the Charybdis of national centralization. That this system is preserved to the present day we owe to the men who went to war when the flag had been assailed. The first gun fired against Fort Sumter sounded the danger signal; it opened a war beggaring description and lasting for four terrible years, but it was even then the sound of hope, that from this contention would rise all the brighter American liberty, wedded under liberty national coherence and local autonomy.

Let us have a care that the fruitage of the war be not lost to us! Memory entails also an obligation; it is not merely in war that the nation has the right to the life and the treasure of her children. As in war when the bugle called the strong "belonged" to the nation in danger, so in times of peace the nation has the right to ask our service, and he is traitor who refuses to give life, if it must be, and time and treasure, in behalf of his country. If thus, by the light of the camp fires I read the signs portending on our national sky, I must confess I detect grave dangers. One need not be an alarmist to see that our age is once more trembling with the possibilities for good and for evil. Nations forget readily; we seem to have forgotten those days of debate and doubt which preceded the call to arms, and once more we are standing at the brink of an abyss, and builders are needed to span that chasm, to throw a bridge across, or we shall have to call for men later to leap into the open chasm

in order that it may be closed and the people saved. We shall not be true to the inspiration of our decoration day, if not within us rule the knowledge that our body, our life, our possessions, our talents belong to our country. Not merely when the bullets fly has the nation a right to our life, but even in these days has the people the first claim upon us. We must in these days learn once more the lesson, that individual selfishness cannot be tolerated with impunity in a nation. Yet selfishness asserts itself again most flagrantly. Patriotism, one great man has defined as the refuge and the pretext of scoundrels. Patriotism may be a light to lead upwards, but it is sometimes the torch to set fire to house and temple. One must distinguish between the light that leads on and the flame that lurks eager to destroy. Public life should be without reproach. Is public life today such? In a republic, he who holds office should have the respect of every one of his fellows. There can be no more honorable profession than that of devoting one's self to the affairs of state and of the people. But when the nation begins to suspect that public life is naturally and necessarily under cloud; when to be a public man means to be mistrusted, the nation's health is far from sound. Where is the root of the disease? You say it is the politician; but who makes the politician, if not your own selfishness? You do not honor the men who fled when the nation called for their services; you branded them cowards; you characterize correctly those that merely followed the army in order to enrich themselves by preying on those that shouldered the gun. But in times of peace there are cowards and traitors as well. Are they not with us that fatten on the distress of the people,—sutlers, as it were, taking advantage of the hunger and thirst of those fighting the battle? What makes the politician? I ask again. You and I make him. Do you give your time to the state; does even the city receive a pittance of your loyalty? No matter what political party sits in our city hall, whether its shame be labeled republican or democrat, it is a stench crying to heaven. Nowhere else on the globe are such conditions tolerated. Freedom, like charity, must begin at home. Would politician pollute the atmosphere if you, merchant prince, deemed it not more essential that you should sell a bale of cotton than that you should mingle with the people? Would the patriot for revenue be tolerated if you, busy attorney, would turn aside once from fighting the cause of justice or injustice, to do a citizen's day's work in behalf of the state? Would the so-called honorables, who have made "honorable" a by-word in the city, sit in the administration of public affairs and sell franchises, not for the city, but for themselves, if you, real estate owner and real estate agent, if you, physician and professor, would take the time and express the willingness to fill the seats now dishonored in the council chambers? You plead that this is impossible for you. Is it true? Can be impossible with us what in Germany is the rule? Go to Berlin; in the streets you come in contact with men from the universities; you feel honored in meeting them. But go to the city hall in Berlin, who receives you? Men like our honorables whose contact you have the right to dread if you have a fine sensibility of personal cleanliness even? Ah, no; it is the citizen's pride to have good men administer the home government. Professors at the university give their time to the city; scholars deem it an honor to be in the public service; the greatest lawyers emulate busy physicians in local zeal,—and this though "aldermen" serve without compensation. Why is this? In Berlin the citizens know

what they owe to their home; they understand that business is secondary, and that duty to state and to home is primary obligation. Patriotism for revenue is always a standing menace to liberty. The politician cannot be blamed; somebody has to administer the affairs of the city, and if you, merchant prince, refuse, and if you, professor and lawyer, refuse, naturally some one will profit by your disinclination and make what should be an honor, a business. Let us blame ourselves, not like Pharisees blame others, for the failure of municipal government in this country.

Anarchy is another danger; the anarchy not of dynamite, however. Let those who must, break forth into diatribes against the poor deluded emigrants from Europe. I fear naught; America can take care of them. But there is a much more subtle anarchy which under the cloak of patriotism breaks every law for personal advantage or party advantage. Party must be in a free state; public questions present different phases; these must be brought to the knowledge of the people; but the party that has forgotten that country is more than party, and that the honor of the flag is more vital than who holds public office, that it is much more essential that sound principles prevail in the national councils than that one man or another be deputy sheriff or street inspector—the party which has forgotten this is the party of anarchy, because the party of selfishness. This anarchy is very skilled in utilizing the law to circumvent the law. We ought to understand that more than party success is the good of country. The spoils system is a shame. Who is despoiled? The people. Ought there to be spoils? Free-booters want spoils; are we of their ilk? Is division at the polls about booty or about principles; where are the spoils? In armies invading the territory of an enemy, under proper discipline, woe betide that soldier who would lay his hand on spoils. Is there, now, spoils when free citizen is voting for or against free citizen and the ballot has spoken? For the sake of our country this system should go! Spoils! The political system that rests on spoils, is treason against the flag, and unless it be mended in time the day will come when our free institutions will be in danger and the country will go to ruin. But who will run our elections, if not the "boys," who know that if they are faithful to the party they will be taken care of by the party? A sad confession this for a free people. None will vote and participate in the primaries unless sure of reward! Patriotism of this kind is but a misnomer for patronage. Where it rules, public administration is expected to make as many offices as possible for the "boys" that run the machine. Laugh not, friends; have those heroes that sleep in the grave died in vain? Has Lincoln died in vain? Shall we leave the administration of public affairs to these so-called patriots? They are; so now we cannot blame them. Under the regime of selfishness the state must come to grief. A truce to all Pharisaical cant! Let us avow in contrition, "Father, we have sinned!" You call politics dirty; all the more urgent the call for men to clean up. Men that fought, stood on the field of Gettysburg, the charge is on, the cemetery must be defended; let them come on; let us stand by our line! Then the post-Gettysburg Fourth day of July will dawn once more, and the country will be saved! Let the spirit of '63 be awakened once more, for this species of anarchy must be fought. The anarchy of the bomb is not the most dangerous; but the anarchy that utilizes the ballot box for patronage and for self, is. The pressing need of the hour in all our municipalities is the

enactment and the honest application of civil service reform. Friends, are we working for this end? Is there reason why a scrubwoman should be discharged when another administration comes into power? She can scrub as well under protective tariff as under free trade. Are we children? What should the police have to do with politics? The United States army is not fighting or drilling with reference to politics. Should the municipal army not enjoy an equal freedom assuring its efficiency? Is control of so many votes recommendation sufficient for an appointment on the force? Or should intelligence and ability, and fidelity in the discharge of one's duties not rather win the policeman's star? Certainly it is not his business to make votes, but to see to it that our streets be kept clean and that thieves molest not the common people. But I fear there is still another danger before us, and it, like the others, is also the child of selfishness. We are today, you need not be told of it, on the verge of a great social conflict. Men are arrayed against each other under our common flag; the one crying for bread, and the others appealing to the right of contract, resisting every effort at coming to an understanding with the maddened misled masses. The conflict is on; how shall it end? There is only one solution, and that on the basis of justice, not of selfishness. What has sent Coxey's army to Washington? Make fun of that army; but it is the first little ball of snow set a-rolling which will grow into an avalanche. Why are these men on the march to Washington? Is it not the suspicion that hitherto Washington has been open to the persuasion of gold? I do not say the charge is true; far be it from me to impute this; but this suspicion lurks in the minds of thousands and thousands, and we can only eradicate it by confessing our sins. Too much selfishness prevails in state and municipality. There are many men active in the Sunday-schools and churches who would never stop me on the street and demand my pocket-book; but when organized as a corporation, they lose all respectability in their corporate quality and they grab and get all they may; fair or foul, honest or dishonest are questions that do not bother them. It is this that works the mischief. Hence men have lost faith in petition; they wish to present their petition in boots. Their's is a "cranky" hope, but were they not cranks that started the French Revolution? The fishmongers of the *Halles* certainly were not respectable, nor was the rabble of Paris that joined them on their excursion to Versailles. It was something like Coxey's army which a hundred years ago brought about the French Revolution; and remember the French Revolution ended in Cæsarism and Napoleonism. We must wake up to the sense of our danger in order that corporate greed be limited.

But this decorative celebration sounds the alarm of still another danger, and this is the blackest of all: the spread among us of religious and racial prejudices. We have lived underneath the common flag in peace, atheist and agnostic, theist and theosophist, or whatever God we might have professed; we may have had one God or no God, but we all had one flag. Today, in the very streets, we jostle against those that would make Americanism depend upon opposition to a certain church; we hear the cry that a member of that church shall not hold office. Is that the American spirit? We appeal in our national and local elections to this prejudice. Friends, I am born under a foreign sky, my education I partly had in Germany, and I know what I owe to Germany, yet I would emphasize that here in

America we are to do battle for American issues, and not for German, French, Irish or Hebrew politics or concerns. At the polls we are handed a ballot which is a fine piece of foreign geographical arithmetic; so many Americans, so many Germans, Poles or Hebrews must be on it to make it palatable. Why have our Hebrew political clubs? Hebrew marching clubs? I indeed should like to see them "march"! In election times he that may be everything at the same time, a Hebrew, a German, an American, a Frenchman, or an Irishman, is the most eligible banner-bearer; he is the envy of all the politicians! The fruitage of such senseless foreignism we have now; it is the appeal to religious prejudice, to racial prejudice. A sad day for our people, for our nation, when this cry shall poison the hearts of the people. Americanism does not stand for one that is born in this country; but he is a true American who loves the flag and knows that he belongs to this country and that what he has belongs to this country—life, everything; and who does his duty for society everywhere. He alone is a true American, whatever his race or descent. For this flag and this Americanism you have fought, for this you have suffered; for this those that sleep in the grave have offered their blood! Let us not forget, but preserve the one flag untainted of religious or racial animosities or fanaticism!

I have suggested some of the dangers. If the spirit come back to us that went with you in the field, America will be safe, and no land will be worthy of mention in the same breath with ours for freedom, for justice, for light and for love. Let us pledge our loyalty again in this hour sacred to the memory of those that sleep in the dust. Few are known by name; the battalion's muster merely shows figures; unmarked many a grave, unknown many a hero, and the army of the dead grows, the silent army; they begin to fall, those sturdy oaks that resisted the storms in the early days, and now are bent low under the winds' attack; one by one they hear the summons, and answer "here," the great sergeant-at-arms calling the roll for the last parade or muster; one by one they go from us; a few years more and the last good night of the soldier, "tattoo, lights out," will have bugled over the last veteran's grave. But we who were too young to go to field, we who enjoy the fruitage of what these heroes have sown in tears—we must remember that their spirit shall live with us, that as they fought we must work for country and for liberty. Three watchwords, I understand, are the passwords among the comrades: fraternity, for you are banded together in your love for country; charity, you are anxious and eager to help the brother who fought at your side; but the greatest word which is passed from mouth to mouth, the guard presenting arms, is loyalty. Let us all be loyal to that flag. Where is there symbol greater or nobler than this? It recalls the prophet of old speaking: "A people living alone, which cannot be numbered among the nations of the earth;" this flag tokened the possibilities of the American people, and its liberty. "Might we die the death of the righteous," sings the old poet; might we live, I say, in the spirit of the men, who in '61, when father Abraham called, reported, "We are here." You sleep, heroes, you live; you fell, you rise; the flag floats out; you saved it, we shall be loyal to it.

Two Brothers.

Two small boys signalled a street car; and, when it stopped, it was noticed that one boy was lame. With much solicitude the other boy helped the cripple aboard the car, and,

after telling the conductor to go ahead, returned to the sidewalk. The lame boy braced himself up in his seat, so that he could look out of the window; and the other passengers observed that at intervals the little fellow would wave his hand and smile. Following the direction of his glances, the passengers saw the other boy running along the sidewalk, straining every muscle to keep up with the car. The passengers watched his pantomime in silence for a few blocks, and then a gentleman asked the lame boy who the other boy was.

"My brother," was the prompt reply.

"Why does he not ride with you in the car?" was the next question.

"Cause he hasn't any money," answered the lame boy, sorrowfully.

The little runner was speedily invited into the car; and the sympathetic questioner not only paid his fare, but gave each boy a gift besides.—*Golden Days.*

The Home

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—The soul is destined for eternal progression.

Mon.—That mind which loves truth more than any other thing, is clothed with the armor of Heaven.

Tues.—A good experience is the one thing needful in all true culture.

Wed.—What the mind does not learn correctly on earth, it must learn to perfection in the spiritual world.

Thurs.—The mind cannot be chained. The reason principle is progressive and learns by experience.

Fri.—Nature is full of music. This is the Positive Principle. Discord is the negative.

Sat.—Even beauty and poetry ask for the variations of life. The calm of the sea is not its highest beauty.—*A. J. Davis.*

The Discovery.

Away in the heart of ages,
When men seemed to spring up full grown,
When poets and prophets and sages
Seemed to all the world alone,

There could be no room for the children;
So ages, like premature men,
Have lost all the brightness of childhood,
And never have found it again.

The canvas and marble have told us
Of beauty and thought undefiled;
But the angel was seen in the marble
Before it was known in the child.

An Angelo rivaled a Raphael,
And gave such an impulse to art,
That unnumbered Pygmalion statues
Have lacked only one thing—a heart.

Galileo, with foresight prophetic,
Looked out from his prison on earth,
And called, with a voice not yet silent,
A myriad new worlds to birth.

A Kepler, with wonderful vision
Beyond his own fellows and time,
Starts the earth on its journey of motion,
Set to its own music and rhyme.

A Franklin, with wondrous invention,
The banner of thought has unfurled;
A Morse caught the fire chain electric,
And with it encircled the world.

A Field, with the strength of his cable,
United two nations in one;
And each day, as it passes, but shows us
The onward work only begun.

An Agassiz, leader in science,
Now asleep on his own mother's breast,
Has this epitaph evermore blessed:
Of all things he loved children best.

And I think, of all words of the Master
Who taught in the far Galilee,
These have touched humanity closest:
"Let the little ones come unto me."

So I feel that the poor German peasant,
The "daft man" at whom people smiled,
Made the greatest of all known discoveries—
The way to the soul of a child.

—*F. A. B. D. in The Kindergarten Messenger.*

UNITY

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Notes from the Field

Board Meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference.

A meeting of the board of directors of the W. U. C. was held at the headquarters, June 27th, at 2:30 p. m. There were present Mrs. Woolley, Messrs. Jones, McFadon, Secrist and Gould. It was voted to dispense with the reading of the records of the last meeting. It was voted that the finance committee of three, to be appointed by the local directors, consist of Mrs. Woolley and the treasurer and the secretary. It was voted that the treasurer, as heretofore, be authorized to use the bonds held by the Conference as collateral in raising money for current expenses, and to execute the Conference note for this purpose. The secretary read a letter from Mrs. McMahon resigning her position as director of the board, but no action was taken on the matter. Adjourned.

A. W. GOULD, Secretary.

Ames, Ia.

We learn from *Old and New* that "Mr. Harvey intends to hold missionary services at Ames and Nevada, on alternate Sundays, during the summer."

Centerville, Ia.

Old and New reports that "Mr. Judy exchanged on June 17 with Mr. Bidwell and found the situation full of promise, and coincides with Mr. Bidwell and his supporters in feeling that a good liberal society can be established there by patient and enthusiastic labor. Mr. Bidwell gave the sermon Memorial Day to a crowded house, and to their great satisfaction." On May 27, Rev. G. H. Putnam, of Carthage, Mo., delivered a sermon on "Religion Universal," which was published by the Centerville *Citizen* of June 6. It is a strong and earnest plea for recognizing the religious in all religions, and concluded with a reference to the Liberal Congress re-

cently held in Chicago. He said: "We of the Liberal faith believe that 'unto us a child is born,' which shall help us usher in the new century in the light of intelligence and freedom of thought and soul. We expect it to 'grow in wisdom and stature' as did the Christ-child of old, and like that child be engaged in attending the Father's business, not in building up sectarian differences." G.

Dixon, Ill.

A movement towards a People's Church has been started in this beautiful and flourishing place. During the three Sundays that services have been held the congregation has steadily grown and the outlook at present is very promising. This city is only a few miles from Sterling, so that the new church at Sterling could be combined with the movement here under the care of one minister, and could doubtless be made self-supporting from the beginning. G.

Hinsdale, Ill.

Flower service by the Sunday school was held on June 10, and was very attractive and unique. In the course of the services the different classes were dedicated to various virtues. The infant class to "Hope," and the other classes to "Heroism," to "Right Living," to "Truth," to "Love," to "Joy;" and finally the whole school was dedicated "To the service of man." G.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

On June 24th and 25th the People's Church celebrated the "Laying of the Name-stone" of their new home. The Sunday service of June 24th was an address by the minister, Miss Bartlett, and also an address "In Memory of the Old Friends, now Gone" by Henry Bishop, with "The Possible Future of the People's Church" outlined by Mrs. Stone. Part of the ceremony consisted in depositing "memorial objects" in the name-stone box to be put into place on the next day. Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock the services were held in the new church auditorium, which the contractors kindly cleared for the purpose. The box of memorial objects was placed in the stone, and then a band of children took a rope and swung the stone into its place—a most suggestive ceremony. Then followed the main address of the afternoon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, who spoke eloquently and earnestly of the mission of the People's Church. Rev. J. T. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor, Mich., presented the greeting of sister churches, and Dr. H. W. Thomas, of Chicago, briefly described the function of the church to-day to be not a storage place of outgrown ideas, but a workshop in which men and women are to labor for humanity. The secretary of the Western Conference presented the greetings of that conference and suggested that by calling their church the "People's" they placed it on the same free basis which our own government stands on—"a government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Miss Buck, who was to speak, was unable to be present, but she sent a warm letter of congratulation; and several other cordial letters were read on the occasion. In the evening a platform meeting was held in the old church, where the Western Secretary spoke on "The safety and the danger of freedom in religion." He was followed by Mr. Sunderland, who spoke on "The purpose for which the church exists." The exercises were brought to a close by a strong and interesting address by Dr. Thomas on "Democracy in religion;" showing that congregationalism steadily tended to displace ecclesiasticism in religion, as democracy had tended to displace monarchy in government. G.

Marietta, Ohio.

On July 1, Rev. G. B. Penney delivered a

sermon on "The Sunday Question," which was reprinted entire by the daily *Dispatch* of July 3. It is a strong and sensible discourse. Among other things Mr. Penney says: "You cannot desecrate a day, but you can desecrate a man, and here is the point of departure between the traditional and rational observance of Sunday. I repeat, no act of yours can desecrate a day, but you can desecrate your own manhood; you can, no matter the day of the week, by your own conduct, work injury to your own higher nature and to the souls of your own fellowmen. This must be the test, then, not what day of the week is it, but will the act itself minister to the high destiny of humanity, or does it hold us back; does it more clearly delineate the godliness of man, or does it obscure the vision of perfection?" G.

Quincy, Ill.

The daily *Herald* of June 25th has a long and enthusiastic notice of the music in connection with Flower Sunday at the Unitarian church. It says: "Without any direct comparison it must be conceded that there never has been given a song service in Quincy that gave greater satisfaction or more fully merited the warm praise that all the listeners bestowed."

Sturgis, Mich.

The Unitarian Sunday services at the G. A. R. hall in this city are to be discontinued after next Sunday, July 8th, as the pastor, Rev. George Buckley, is to take his summer vacation, intending to resume on the first Sabbath in September. We had quite a nice Religio-Patriotic meeting last Sunday morning, consisting of poetic readings, vocal and instrumental music and essays by young ladies and gentlemen of Sturgis. It was very appropriate, occurring on the Sunday immediately preceding the ever memorable 4th of July. All the exercises were of a character to stir the blood of American citizens and cause them to render gratitude to the source of all good. The lives, services and times of John Adams, Ben Franklin, Thomas Paine Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson and "The Father of his Country," George Washington, were expatiated upon by the young men in a very creditable manner, and young ladies sang "The Star Spangled Banner," "America" and other patriotic songs, interspersed with hymns of devotional and elevating tendency, to the accompaniment of the organ. Mr. Buckley was at once the chairman and inspiration on the occasion. It is hoped that he will return in September revivified and in good trim for another campaign in defense of the principle of "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion." The Unitarians of Sturgis seem to be, though few, not "faint but fearless still." T. H.

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Tower Hill Institute.

We published last week the program of the Summer Institute, which the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society holds at Tower Hill, on the Fifth Year of the Six Years' Course, between August 6th and August 17th. But since then we hear that the available rooms are nearly all taken. We are glad to learn this for one reason. It indicates a good attendance at the Institute. But it also makes it necessary for those who wish to go and have not yet engaged their rooms to secure them as early as possible. Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Hillside, Wis., is the proper person to write to for this purpose.

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ESSAYS ON QUESTIONS OF THE DAY—POLITICAL AND SOCIAL. By Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893. Cloth, Crown 8 vo, pp. 360. \$2.00.

These essays are written in the same vigorous style as the author's "United States." It is a pleasure and a profit to read them for this reason if for no other. The subjects treated are specially British, though not without interest for a citizen of the United States. So says the author in his preface, but certainly this is not true of "Social and Industrial Revolution," "Prohibition in Canada and the United States" and "Woman Suffrage." In regard to all these things Prof. Smith takes an opposing attitude, and those who are friendliest to them have the most reason to consider carefully what he says and says so well. It would be much easier to meet his objections to woman suffrage than those to prohibition and socialism in its various forms, and yet it may be doubted if one advocate of woman suffrage in a hundred could meet them squarely; the proportion of hard thinking to warm feeling in this subject is generally so small. The review of prohibition is a very searching and damaging one. We could wish that he had differentiated prohibition by local option from state prohibition; for if the objections which apply to the latter apply also to the former, they do not in the same degree, seeing that prohibition by Local Option has at least a bare majority of the public at its back. As to socialism Prof. Smith's opinions are those of a liberal of the old school, who is looking for social improvement to the same agencies that have brought us so far on our way, "one of which, science, is now operating with immensely increased power."

The less American questions discussed by Prof. Smith are "The Question of Disestablishment," "The Empire," "The Jewish Question," and "The Irish Question." The arguments for disestablishment are calm and strong. The chapter on "The Empire" brings out Prof. Smith's well-known sentiments for the separation of Canada from "Greater Britain." "The Jewish Question" argues for the fusion of Jewish people with the people amongst which they live. They must "return to Jerusalem or forget it." Admirers of Mr. Gladstone and his policy must be well fortified to meet the arguments that are brought against them here, and yet we doubt not that they can be met. Prof. Smith is not incapable of prejudice, and what the red rag is to a bull anything Jewish, French, or Irish is to his imagination. There is a valuable appendix on the Oneida Community and Socialism in the United States.

J. W. C.

The Magazines.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for June contains an article by Prince Augustin de Iturbide on the civil and financial corruption in "Mexico under President Diaz," which is important if true, and sounds very much like the truth. The weakness of the article is in its conclusion that if Diaz were overthrown national prosperity would be assured. John F. Hume's "Our Family Skeleton," is worth the consideration of those who do not realize the extent to which the repudiation of State obligations has been carried and the probabilities of the future in respect to such debts. There are several articles on different phases of the woman question, and a note on "Continental Finance," by M. G. Mulhall.

THE OPEN COURT for June 21 has an article from the pen of Mrs. Woolley on "Liberal Religious Affairs in the West," and the first part of a clever bit of satire at the expense of the would-be, but undisciplined,

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scientist. The latter is written from the positivist's standpoint and works in no little ridicule of practical agnosticism of the kind illustrated by George Eliot's "Mr. Brooks," in some aspects by Sir Roger de Coverley, and by one or more living men who shall be nameless.

THE UNITARIAN for June contains the second of Dr. James T. Bixby's interesting critical papers on Herbert Spencer as a Theologian.

IN TO-DAY for July we notice a breezy article on "The Liberal Religious Congress," by one of its sturdiest sponsors, Rev. R. A. White, of Englewood.

NEW OCCASIONS for June consists of an interesting paper and discussion on "Locomotion and its Relation to Survival;" the paper by Dr. M. L. Holbrook, and the discussion by Messrs. Nichols, Eccles and Janes, of the Brooklyn Ethical Association.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to **UNITY** for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of **UNITY** will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from **Unity Publishing Co.**, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF JESUS: A Critical Analysis of the Sources of the Gospels, together with a Study of the Sayings of Jesus. By Arthur Kenyon Rogers. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 354; \$1.75.

DISCIPLESHIP: THE SCHEME OF CHRISTIANITY: By the Author of "The King and the Kingdom: A Study of the Four Gospels." London: Williams and Norgate. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 232; \$1.00.

THE WORLD'S CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS: With an Introduction by Rev. Minot J. Savage, 1893. Boston: Arena Pub. Co. Paper, 8vo, pp. 428; 50 cents.

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE, or Outlines of Spiritual Philosophy. By Rev. Samuel Weil. Boston: Arena Pub. Co. Paper, 8vo, pp. 267; 50 cents.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT BETWEEN TWO WORLD-THEORIES. By Rev. Minot J. Savage, 1892. Boston: Arena Pub. Co. Paper, 12 mo, pp. 198; 50 cents.

THE MODERN SAINT. By Felix Adler. (Ethical Addresses, No. 5.) Philadelphia: S. Burns Weston. Paper, 8vo, pp. 24; 12 cents.

MORALITY—WHAT DOES IT MEAN? By William M. Salter. (Ethical Addresses, No. 6.) Philadelphia: S. Burns Weston. Paper 8vo, pp. 24; 12 cents.

BALDER THE POET and Other Verses. By George Herbert Stockbridge. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, gilt top, 24 mo, pp. 98; \$1.00.

THE HON. STANBURY AND OTHERS. By Two. (Incognito Library.) New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 24 mo, pp. 190; 50 cents.

A Modern Magdalene. By Virna Woods, author of "The Amazons." Boston: Lee and Shepard. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 346; \$1.25.

UP AND DOWN THE NILE, or Young Adventurers in Africa (All-Over-the-World Library). By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 352; \$1.25.

THE WEDDING GARMENT: A Tale of the Life to Come. By Louis Pendleton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cloth, 12 mo, pp. 246; \$1.00.

LIFE AND HEALING: A Segment of Spiritualism. By Holmes W. Merton. Published by the author, 212 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass. Paper, 16 mo, pp. 48.

The Coffee Habit

is difficult to throw off, especially if one's epicurean taste leads to the use of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in this popular beverage. Its superiority to cream is admitted. Rich flavor and uniform consistency.

The Deceased Wife's Sister.

The Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill has again been rejected by the House of Lords, mainly through the instrumentality of the twenty bishops, who converted a minority of eleven into a majority of nine. It was perhaps only to be expected, considering what has usually been the attitude of the church to this question, that the spiritual peers should have voted as they did. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in his decidedly clever speech, was able to appeal to Roman Law, early Christian practice, and the canons of the Church of England in defence of his position. But his claim to invoke the Mosaic Law as one of his authorities is a matter which Jews cannot but call in question. Jewish authorities regard marriage with a deceased wife's sister as perfectly permissible, and even meritorious. In a question of Biblical interpretation, there can be no more powerful argument than that which is derived from Jewish custom, and the history of Jewish thought and practice. The fact, therefore, that Jewish authorities have invariably offered no obstacle to marriage with a deceased wife's sister ought, as once urged by the Rev. G. J. Emanuel, to be conclusive.

The passage usually referred to in this discussion is Leviticus xviii., 18; "Thou shalt not take a woman to her sister, to be a rival wife to her . . . beside the other in her lifetime." Obviously the meaning of this command is that a man shall not marry two sisters concurrently, so that the one becomes what is known among Arabian peoples as a "rival-wife" to the other. That no objection was contemplated to marrying a deceased wife's sister may be inferred from the Levirate Law which in certain cases enjoined a positive duty marriage with a deceased brother's wife; while marriage with a living brother's wife was of course forbidden. It is sometimes contended by those who are opposed to marriage with a deceased wife's sister that Leviticus xviii., 18, signifies: "Thou shalt not take one woman unto another to be a rival wife unto her," so that it is to be understood as a prohibition of polygamy. The genius of the Hebrew language would, of course, permit of the words having this meaning, but it is absolutely excluded by the consideration that the Mosaic Law does not prohibit polygamy.

—London *Jewish Chronicle*.
—
The recent letter from the Judge of Awards on Baking Powders at the Chicago World's Fair, exposing the fraudulent claim of a Chicago house, that its baking powder had received the highest award for strength, purity, excellence, etc., is a scathing rebuke to those manufacturers of cheap baking powders who have no regard for the truth, but habitually seek, in their public announcements, to deceive consumers. The Judge of Awards states that no such award was given to the Chicago concern, and has notified it that it must cease publishing his name in connection with its false statements.

What Our Great Cities might Do.

A central station for the proper electrolyzing of sea water has been established at Havre, on Quai Lombardie, near the Angoulême Bridge, and pipes in connection with it had been laid through all the streets of the St. François quarter, inhabited by some twelve thousand people of the poorest classes, and formerly the hotbed of every infectious disease. The electrolyzed sea-water forced through the pipes had, however, effected a marvelous change. The streets watered with the disinfecting liquid, by means of hose connected with the pipes, had lost that putrid odor which formerly made them not only

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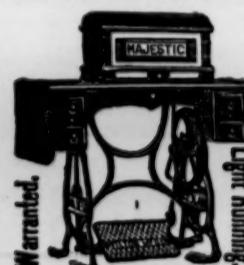
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repugnant, but an ever present danger in the very center of the town. In addition to this, two of the most insalubrious houses in the district had been chosen by M. David, the town architect, for the application of the Hermite system to dwellings. One of them was situated No. 24 Rue de la Fontaine, and the other 35 Rue d'Edreville. A large tank, connected with the electrolyzed sea-water mains had been placed at the top of each of these six-story buildings, and pipes from the tank carried down to flush the closets and sinks on the various floors. In the case of the house No. 24 Rue de la Fontaine, the now odorless water from the siphons of the closets and sinks was conducted through pipes to the street gutter, down which it ran some distance before it ultimately fell into the sewer. The object of this arrangement was to offer the public a constant, visible, and olfactory proof of the purifying qualities of electrolyzed sea-water. The disinfecting liquid, so to say, consumed the sewage matter, as well as the microbes it contained; and in passing along the gutters and through the sewers it contributed to the disinfection of both of them by the chlorine it still contained. With the Hermite system, all the sewage-water could, without inconvenience, be allowed to flow into the sea, or even into rivers, for it purifies instead of contaminating them.—*Exchange.*

NON-SECTARIAN, it is time for every earnest soul to be, in the sense of rising above sectarian limitations but, in the sense of

grasping the truths and the principles in all forms of religion, the teacher of the coming time must be pan-sectarian. Almost seventeen centuries ago, Clement of Alexandria said that each nation had torn off a fragment of the infinite truth, and that he who fitted the pieces together harmoniously was the true prophet of God. The Universalism of the coming century will be an exclusion of the *ism* and a marshaling of the universals. Walt Whitman's battle cry—"I will accept nothing which all other men may not have on the same terms"—is become our quiet philosophy. Only that which all men may have is worth the kindling of any man's aspiration. The firm foundation is builded of those things which are common, not of those things which are peculiar. The ordinary, not the extraordinary, is sacred and safe. The *law* of the Lord, not his miracle, is sure. Theories of the Trinity are a vexation of the spirit, but the trust in a Heavenly Father, and the recognition of that humanized Divine sympathy which has been called The Christ, and the vital touch of the Infinite Soul with ours which creeds have named the Holy Ghost—these we must have and plead. The Methodist has made a shibboleth of "conversion," but whoever would guide the religious life of the young must honor the experience so often obscured in the name. The uplifting into higher spirituality through humble attitude of mind and repentant frame of heart is not an instantaneous change of nature to insure eternal bliss, but it is, as often as it comes, an added power of morals and of

sacred conviction. The submission to baptism or other rite as a saving ordinance is *aberglaube*, but the sense of duty couched in all ecclesiastical observances is a force of character and a grace of life which Liberals must be chary of underestimating. There's a soul of divinity in every superstition, "would men observingly distil it out."—*The Non-Sectarian.*

Announcements

The Fraternity of Liberal Religious Societies in Chicago.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood Boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner of Warren avenue and Robey street. M. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIENDS' SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenaeum Building, 18 Van Buren street. Jonathan W. Plummer, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist), R. F. Johnonot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington Boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

At ALL SOULS CHURCH Mr. Alva E. Taylor will speak at 11 a. m. on "Pessimism and Ethics."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
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A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

Des Plaines Camp Meeting.

The North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Des Plaines, Ill., and return at greatly reduced rates, from July 18 to 31—good for return passage until August 1, 1894, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to Agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.